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### EDUCATION

When a man can look over the hills, the river, and the far horizon with a profound sense of his own littleness in the vast scheme of things, and yet have faith, hope, and courage, which is the root of every virtue;

when he knows that down in his heart every man is as noble, as vile, as divine, as diabolic, and as lonely as himself, and seeks to know, to forgive, and to love his fellow men;

when he knows how to sympathize with men in their sorrows, yea even in their sins, knowing that each man fights a hard fight against many odds;

when he has learned how to make friends and how to keep them, and above all how to keep friends with himself;

when he loves flowers, can hunt birds without a gun, and feel the thrill of an old forgotten joy when he hears the laugh of a little child;

when he can be happy and high minded in the meanest drudgeries of life, when star crowned tree and the glint of sunlight on rippling water subdues him like the thought of one much loved and long dead;

when no voice of distress reaches his ear in vain, and no hand seek his aid without response;

when he finds good in every faith that helps man to layhold divine things, and sees majestic meanings in life, whatever the name of that faith may be;

when he can look into the wayside puddle and see something beyond mud, and into the face of the most forlorn fellow creature and see something beyond sin;

when he knows how to pray, how to hope, how to love;

when he has kept faith with himself, his fellow men, his god; in his hand a sword for evil, in his heart a bit of a song, glad to live but not afraid to die -- such a man has found the secret of the abundant life, and this is what education is trying to give to all the world.

( Author Unknown )

BS!

## LOCAL HISTORY

Due to the fact that we are living in the town of Lunenburg, and we are having a lot to do with it, a resume of its history may prove interesting.

Settlers arrived as early as 1656. A few French families detailed by Oliver Cromwell were first to breath the air of our present location. An official settlement of Hanoverians was organized and dispatched in Halifax. They landed on June 7th 1753 under the leadership of Captain Rous.

The early days were very trying, as the hardships of pioneering required much patience and a good deal of hard work. The Indians gave the most trouble, but not all of it.

Many Block Houses were built, two sited at the top of the hill where the school house and the Block House hill park benches stand now. A picket fence was built along Kaulbach Street from shore to shore, and another along the street by the blacksmith's shop at the east end of town. These were the town limits.

Their stands were not always against the Indians. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the British and the Americans were at war, the town of Lunenburg was taken over by the Yanks, only to be released at the end of the war.

There are many interesting tales about the struggle for self preservation against the Indians, the Americans, and the sea, but they are too numerous to go into in detail. For anyone who is interested they can be found in Desbrisay's "History of the County of Lunenburg".

These early settlers were a simple whole hearted people. They braved the worst weather to reach their churches on Sundays, and they read their Bibles in little family services daily. They celebrate long and elaborately for special occasions such as baptisms, Christian Holidays etc. They still celebrate, but not with the zest that their forefathers had. You've heard of how lustily a German can sing, -- Lunenburg County is no exception, many of the people being of far removed German ancestry. It was not uncommon in the early days to hear a German ballad gushing lustily from the woods as farmers and woodcutters carried on with their work.

*We're amongst friends!??*

Many of their ancient customs still exist, or did exist until recent years. The practice of egg tipping at Easter brought profit to many a visiting farmer, and delight to everyone. Easter Monday found the streets littered with egg shells.

The extensive celebrating of Christmas was first inaugurated by Reverend Charles Cossman in 1835. Christmas dinner was eaten on Christmas Eve and the bones were picked on Christmas day. Christmas Eve until recently was the counterpart of our present Hallowe'en and the children all went out to beg candies. New Years day was quieter, a bazar usually being held to sell hand made trinkets. Many of the old fashioned dinners are very tasty, to mention a few; salt codfish and potatoes boiled together and smothered in butter and cream, sauerkraut and pork, fish patties etc.

Mr. William Anderson on middle street has a fine collection of historic items, and I'm sure that you would find a chat with him most interesting.

# R.C.N. DRAFT ORDER

RCN DEPOT	==	22 SEPT, 1945
SEPT 1945		
FROM { LEVIS STADACONA	TO {	PEREGRINE PEREGRINE
V-100000	SALTS, JACK	AB BAREASS ==
REASON FOR DISCHARGE DEMOBILIZED ROUTINE		

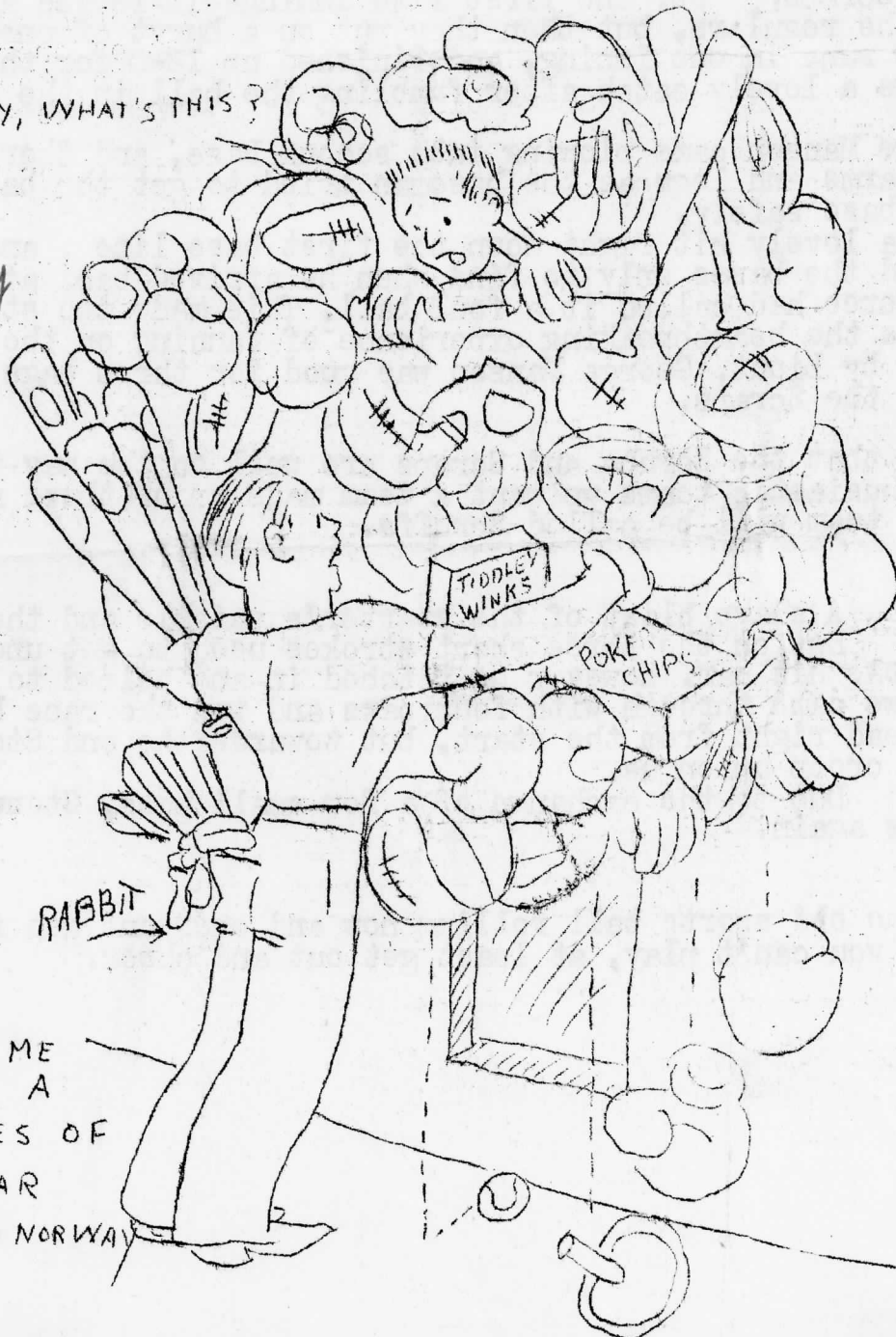
I'll be glad when my name is on one of these →

~~5/2/45~~  
5/9/45

## \* PIN-UP OF THE WEEK

A bit of the sports gear we obtained recently

HEY, WHAT'S THIS?



RABBIT →

UH PARDON ME SIR - JUST A FEW PIECES OF SPORT'S GEAR FROM CAMP NORWAY

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## SPORTS

Now we are really getting into the swing of things and so far as has been evident to date, we can trim almost anything that comes up, in the lines of sport that we have been following.

**HALIFAX:** Captain D's Sports Officer has been given our challenge to play any team from the ships that they care to send down, so we hope to hear more from that quarter in the very near future. The team to play a team from Halifax will be a hand picked all star nine from the Scruffs, scraps, Scrubs, AND Regulars.

**LIVERPOOL:** A reply to our challenge to all ships in refit at that base explained that due to circumstances beyond their control, they were unable to accept.

Since we have acquired all of the sports gear from Camp Norway, all of which is Practically new, we should rise to new heights in all sports fields. Included in this gear are soccer balls, foot balls, volley balls, basket balls, and a very much needed catcher's mask. (see PO Morin and Krook)

The Sports Officer is planning a program that will make full use of all of this gear, and I also hear rumours of a cross country run in about three weeks time. He is also trying to negotiate gymnasium privileges in the town.

Suggestions on sports will be very gladly accepted by Mr. Syme at any time.

The games this week were too numerous to go into each one individually, but they were all good games.

Scrubs vs Stonetown; Scrubs 19 Stonetown 5.

*That's our team the "Scrubs" - Hooray!!!*

Regulars vs Scraps; For the first five innings it looked as if the Scraps might trim the regulars, but then they put on a burst of energy and chalked up 8 runs in one inning, and finished up 12-5 for the Regulars Morrison made a lovely catch after fumbling the ball in the air about three times.

Lieut. George Manson came plowing into second base, and there was a great shambles of arms and legs as the baseman tried to get the ball and he tried to make the base safely.

Powell made a lovely hit right down the first base line, and made his tour of Ops around the bases only to find when he arrived back at the home plate that the referee had called it a foul ball. This made two strikes on him and then came the heartbreaking experience of fanning on the next ball. A lovely hit by Lieut. George Manson was good for three bags and brought in two runs for the Scraps.

Scruffs; Now that the Scrubs and Scraps are well on the way to becoming enthusiastic teams we want a team made up of those not as yet on a team. This team will be called Scruffs.

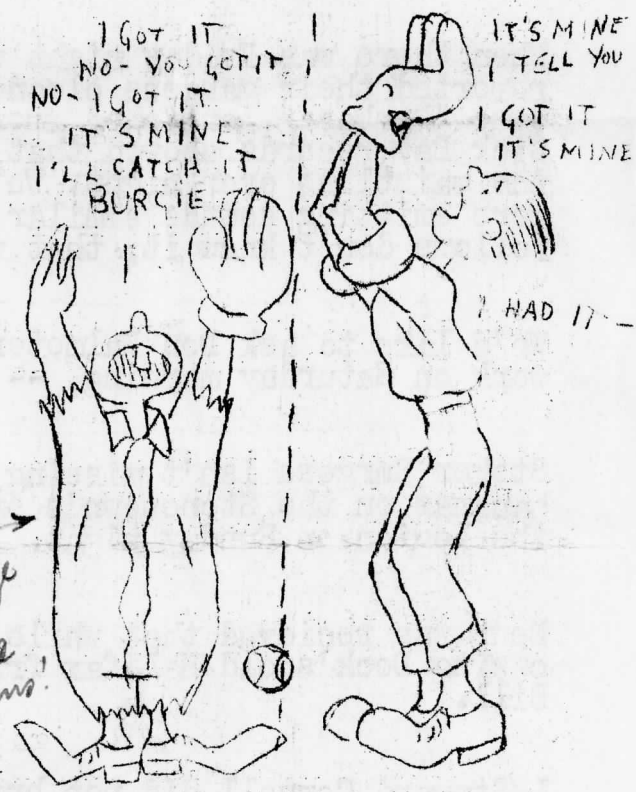
Whaler Race; A sharp blast of the starter's whistle and they were away.

But on the three short strokes used to get under way, Mackenzie broke his oar. However he pitched in and helped to pull the second stroke, and we came through with four oars and won the race by a length. We had the lead right from the start, but towards the end Stone town was beginning to creep up on us.

Due to the exchange of a few small bets, Stonetown has challenged us again.

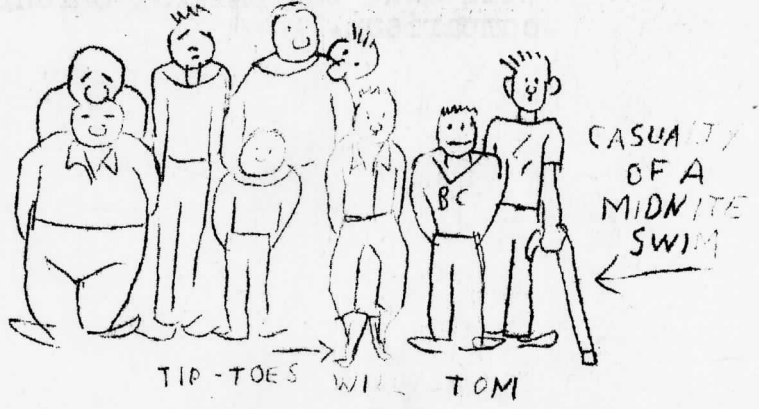
Let's keep the old sports ball rolling now and ever one get in there pitching. If you can't play, at least get out and cheer.

Highlights of our game against M.C.S. "Stonetown"



Polly GAUTHIER

SCRAPS



MESS DECK CHATTER

Best wishes to L/Smn Carter, who is probably browsing around a civilian clothes shop now. The next problem is, who is going to shake the hands in the forward mess deck every morning at 0630 sharp, now that Carter has gone. Oh darn it I forgot to ask him for his Bridgewater phone numbers.

They say that Watts was sorry to see Chief Cooke go on discharge. "Business is business", says Doc.

It has been brought to light recently that one of our galley slaves, due to his Bridgewater activities will be needing a refit all his own -- or should anyway. Has the fog lifted yet K.C.

Then there was Friday night when farmers along the Bridgewater road reported their gardens cleaned out. An eyewitness claims he heard the name "Barbara" mentioned among the thieving group. Saturday morning the Sick Bay records showed that three Levis ratings had grown ten inches in the waistline over night. We need not wonder any longer why these three were emitting sounds similar to those of pasture animals. In case you fellows don't know it, that was CATTLE CORN.

We'd like to ask Don Palmoter why his little so-and-so was absent from work on Saturday morning, -- or was it the third person in the triangle.

Stoker Burgess isn't missing in lung power when it comes to counting bananas on the Stonetown's stack. It's too bad that he met his match at the Legion on Sunday night.

News was recieved that while undergoing discharge routine Baker was casing Dock's old Halifax friends. You're lucky you're not coming back Bill.

L/Steward Cornell did not bring his fiddle with him when he returned from leave. He says that it was because he didn't expect to be returning to this ship.

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SMILE FOR THE DAY

Did you ever hear about the truck driver who backed up to avoid a child, and fell out of bed.

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We are still looking for budding authors, poets, jokesters, etc. etc.

Let's see a pile of contributions next week that will make the Halifax Chronicle look small in comparison.

AFTERGLOWS

( as heard through the wardroom pantry window)

We were all glad to welcome Lieut. George Manson back aboard, and once more to hear his booming bass-baritone voice singing "Old Man River".

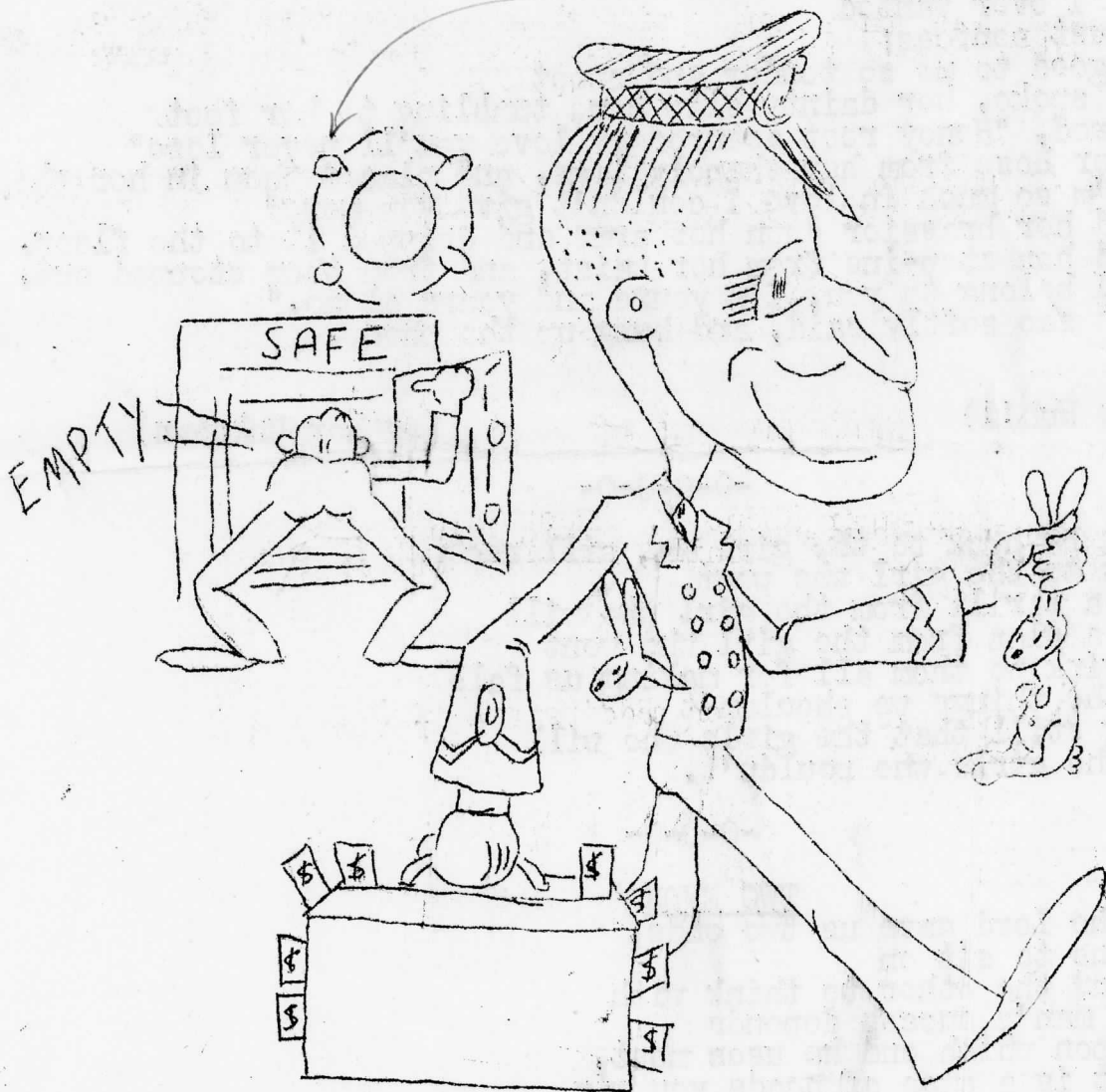
Is it possible that all of the nurses that we see here lately are here to help the Lunenburg Hospital Fund Drive.

Some individuals seem to know the routine for migrating from lawn hammocks to Packards. Let's hear all about it.

Once more it is our duty to bid fond farewells. This time it is our keen witted Lieut. (S) Meyerovitz, and L/Comdr. Doug Redford who are going. They were both great favourites with everyone on the ship especially Joe Meyerovitz, who was always getting delayed in Slackers just when it was time for pay parade. So far as is presently known, they are not getting "Discharged Demobilized" routine but they expect that it will come through while they are home on leave.

We welcome Lieut. (S) Gunnar Rosstrup, who comes to us from Poregrogrip and WT/Eng. Guy Copley who has just returned from leave after serving in Coaticook. Lieut. Rosstrup putters with pencil and paper along with his supply officer's duties. Witness the drawing below.

*A new Supply officer  
looking for the stores*



SUPERCESSION OF SUPPLY OFFICER



WHEN THE POWER WENT OFF IN THE WARDROOM FLATS -

"SUSPENSE"

I love you my darling she told him  
 And with that she removed her dress  
 You're all I ever wanted  
 I really must confess;  
 You're so good to me so tender and sweet  
 And as she spoke, her dainty slip came tumbling to her feet  
 She whispered, "Honey rest assured my love you'll never lose"  
 She slid her hose from her shapely legs, and placed them in her shoes.  
 "Darling I'm so much in love I couldn't give you more"  
 She slipped her brassier down her arms and dropped it to the floor.  
 She dropped her step-ins from her waist, and from them stepped out.  
 "Remember I belong to you, I'm yours and yours alone."  
 "Goodnight" she softly said, and hung up the phone.

(Fooled you Huh!!)

(Author Unknown)

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Let's drink by heck to the girl who will nock  
 Let's drink to the girl who went  
 We all get a thrill from the girl who will  
 And we get a slap from the girl who went  
 So let's drink to them all for making us fall  
 And doing the things we shouldn't  
 Remembering still that the girls who will  
 Were once the girls who wouldn't.

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TWO ENDS

The Lord gave us two ends,  
 One to sit on  
 And the other to think with  
 A man's success depends  
 Upon which end he uses most,  
 It is a case of heads you win  
 Or tails you lose.